She bowes her head, the new-ſprõg floure to ſmell,
Comparing it to her *Adonis* breath,
And ſayes, within her boſome it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelfe is reft from her by death;
She crops the ſtalke, and in the breach appeares,
Green-dropping ſap, which ſhe cõpares to teares.

Poore floure (quoth ſhe) this was thy fathers guiſe.
Sweet iſſue of a more ſweet ſmelling ſire,
For euerie litle griefe to wet his eyes,
To grow vnto himſelfe was his deſire;
And ſo tis thine, but know it is as good,
To wither in my breſt, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here is my breſt,
Thou art the next of bloud, and tis thy right.
Lo in this hollow cradle take thy reſt,
My throbbing heart ſhall rocke thee day and night,
There ſhall not be one minute in an houre,
Wherein I will not kiſſe my ſweet loues floure.

Thus wearie of the world, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſiluer doues, by whoſe ſwift aide,
Their miſtris mounted through the empty skies,
In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,
Holding their courſe to *Paphos*, where their queene
Meanes to immure her ſelfe, and not be ſeene.

FINIS.